"TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS!"
I SAT THERE THINKING WHAT WE WERE DOING WAS SO FUNNY. IT REMINDED ME OF THE STORY, "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST"! I LOOKED AT DEAR MANUEL'S HANDS SO HARD AND WRINKLED WITH HARD WORK, AND I GOT THE MOST WONDERFUL FEELING, IT ALMOST MADE ME CRY... ISN'T IT WONDERFUL THAT SHE CAN LOVE THE HANDS OF THIS POOR LABOURER WHO DOESN'T GET MUCH LOVE! HER GENTLE AND TENDER LOVE FOR HIM IS EVEN GREATER BY CONTRAST, BECAUSE HE IS SO ROUGH AND REALLY HARD TO LOVE!


IT MUST BE THAT SOME OF THESE FAIRY TALES WERE MEANT TO HAVE A SIGNIFICANT MEANING! MAYBE GOD GAVE THOSE TO SOME PEOPLE IN THAT DAY AND PEOPLE RETOLD THEM BUT LOST THE REAL MEANING OF THEM AND JUST TOLD THEM AS STORIES!

UHHH! HOW REVOLTING SOME OF THESE WILD NATIVES DANCE AND THAT MUSIC LACKS EVERY BIT OF CULTURAL TASTE!

HMPH! WHY IN THE BLAZES DID SHE PICK THIS PLACE, THAT OLD BATTLEAX? ALWAYS MAKING SOME STUPID DECISION! JUST TO SHOW OFF HER JEWELS!

THEN I LOOKED AT THAT REFINED ENGLISH COUPLE AND THOUGHT, "THEY'RE ONLY CONCERNED WITH THEIR OWN PROBLEMS AND WANT SOME SELFISH ANSWERS! THEY NEVER DANCED ONE DANCE, NOR SHARED THEMSELVES WITH THESE COMMON PEOPLE, AND NEVER EVEN SEEMED TO ENJOY THE MUSIC... WHAT A CONTRAST BETWEEN US AND THEM! THEY PROBABLY DON'T EVEN LIKE IT HERE!"
Then I was thinking about Maria, my Secretary and how she's so tiny and fragile, and delicate and gentle and little and soft. I thought, all these rough old labourers, their rough hands... how could she have so much love to love these hard rough labourers?" But I thought, "How much more they appreciate her little tender loving gentle touch and her little soft warm body than these fancy dancers at the swanky tourist hotel; most of whom were really only trying to show off their own dancing and weren't really concerned about you!" But last night at the native club I said, "Thank you, Lord! These poor men really appreciate being able to hold her in their arms and to lean their cheek up against hers, means everything to them even if it's only for a few minutes! They feel like they've at least been loved a little, especially if they feel you really love them and are really affectionate and not just doing it for sex!"

I think all those little signs of genuine love and affection really mean more to them than the way that woman was pushing hers against mine, trying to get me going sexually! I could tell she was just doing it for her own benefit selfishly because she wanted it and she just liked making me think she thought it was funny! But she was just dancing with me for her own benefit! She didn't act the least bit affectionate!!
Even the little things you can do mean a lot. A little bit of love goes such a long way and means so much to these poor fellows that don't get much, if any! We've got the spirit and love of God. They can't help but feel that they're really being loved.

I also thought, "Lord, we're certainly not just coming here for our own benefit and our own pleasure! It also costs money!" But each time I hesitate to pay for these poor boys' drinks, I get the weirdest chintzy belittling feeling!

Here these boys work so hard for every little penny, and here I am doubting over these few pennies that don't really mean that much, but mean a whole lot to them and they really work hard for it!

That guy Manuel ordered us two more drinks we really didn't need, but he insisted on it, because he wanted to show his appreciation of the dancing he was getting! This is a worldwide custom everywhere!

In fact, in America, they make a regular racket of it! If a hostess or a showgirl sits down with you and even only stands and talks with you a few minutes, it'll cost you a fortune! They no sooner start to lower their fancy onto the chair than zip—there's a two-dollar glass of champagne sitting on the table in front of them, or a $2 glass of ten-cent cold tea making it look like whiskey! As I was even told by a girl who worked in such a place.

Come on in handsome boy. Buy Lola a drink, eh?

I'm comparing our work with theirs, where the devil does it strictly for selfish gain and money and uses it, and it's nothing but a sham and a counterfeit, an imitation of love! The poor, lonely suckers wander in just dying for a woman's touch or one word from a sympathetic woman's lips, or just one sympathetic woman's ear to talk to, and these vultures and racketeers bounce on him and take advantage of his need and work him over for every dollar he's got! They'll often just by sitting down there talking with him for a few minutes, sock him with a bigger drink bill than if he'd gone out and hired himself a whore! I learned my lesson on that about once and that finished it! They promise you everything and give you nothing!
About the time a showgirl has soaked you with a twenty-dollar bill for drinks, you begin to feel it’s worth at least a dance and you ask them for one, then they say...

Oh, I’m sorry! But I have got to go to the dressing room and get ready for my next act! Sorry!

Then they get on stage and take off all their clothes and tease you till your mouth is watering and you’re dripping, and they act like they’re offering you everything, but you wind up with absolutely nothing! Those strip joints are nothing but clap joints!

The businessmen of the world do it all the time just to entertain customers! They put out a lot of money for drinks and even get girls for them!

What do you think of my deal now, Frederick?

TTF— MEAN TERRIFIC, TED, OL’ BOY!

We’re doing it to sell our product too—the love of God! And it costs something! The Scripture I get on it is what Jesus said: “If you’re going to entertain anybody with a feast and foot the bill, invite the poor, not the rich who can repay you commercially by buying your products and returning your favours, but the poor who can’t repay you.” So that’s what we’re doing: going down there and laying before those fellows a feast of fellowship and fun, and we’re charging them nothing for it! We’re even paying for it and just telling them we’re doing it because God loves them!
But most of these women who come to these clubs are strictly here for their own selfish pleasure and for what they can get out of a man. They only dance with the men they like, just the ones that appeal to them selfishly. They don't dance with the ugly old beasts that are obnoxious to them. The poor men pay and pay and pay and buy their drinks just to get a few kind words and a few dances while the women just laugh at them behind their backs because they know they're playing the men for suckers!

That'll be ten dollars, ma'am?

For two drinks?!

Ha! What a pushover this guy is!

But we come there and I pay for their drinks and I offer Maria free of charge and she gives them love and affection and dances, even to the ugliest and saddest!

They probably at first keep trying to figure out what's up and what's in it for us. They're wondering what are we doing it for? Especially when we don't take any of them home with us. It shows we're not trying to get customers for prostitution! But if they see that we really do it because we love them and are sorry for them and are trying to share with them and cheer them up, they just can't help but realize it is real love and it just amazes them! They can't get over it... they don't even want to dance with the other women!

It's so easy for us to make someone happy! There was this poor, lonely, sad-looking man looking like he'd lost his last friend and on the verge of tears, and all Maria had to do was to ask him to dance! After the dance, he was so radiant and happy! I never saw anybody look so surprised and happy and amazed that she gave him such love!

I cannot believe it! You must be an angel of love!

What "prince charming" we've turned some of these "beasts" into! With just a little "beauty" of love and affection they come in looking sad and after a long day's work, wondering if anybody cares! But then they get so happy and feel so free and are laughing and dancing when you show them just a little love and concern!